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the rifle at the upper band, they threw the butt over the shoulder and proceeded with bayonets sticking out in front. As a necessary consequence they did not straggle so much as the others, for if a man lagged he was wakened up by a prod from the point of the bayonet in the nape of the neck, or between the shoulders. The chief objection to this method of keeping the men at fairly regular intervals, was that a prick in the rear was as likely as not to pass right on to the head of the column, with the result of a volley of abuse and very considerable disorganisation.

The marines were the strongest in point of numbers, and far and away the best in drill. They kept their alignment very fairly, and frequently as many as three men in a section kept step. Their uniform was a blue-frogged red tunic and blue trousers with a scarlet stripe. On the helmet they wore an anchor instead of the ordinary dragon of the line. Their colonel was the Hpaungwun, Myowun, now Hlethin atwinwun, the minister who was so energetic in the palace massacres in 1879. The credit of their discipline was, however, entirely due to Commotto, a young Italian naval officer in the king's service, and engineer of all the river forts. The marines were quite a thousand strong, and their officers were mounted just like the rest. When there was practice in the war-boats, the mayor-colonel viewed the performance from the back of an elephant on the river-bank. Like all the great men, however, he did not trouble himself to go out to the reviews.

The men smoked in the ranks and hailed their friends along the route in the freest possible fashion. When a man wanted a light or a drink of water he simply fell out and went in search of it among the spectators, rightly enough assured that none of the officers would bother their heads as to the reason of his departure. All along the line of march men who had been delayed in this way might be seen scuttling along to get somewhere near their proper places. Here and there one was left far away from his regiment, having been seduced into conversation with a friend. Now and then the non-commissioned officers caught sight of an Englishman looking on, and woke up to the sudden sense of their responsibilities, delivering sound thwacks with the butt end of their spears on the shoulders of any stragglers within reach in

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704 most energetic and official fashion. As a rule, however, they
703 contented themselves with getting over the ground. Many
714 of the recruits viewed their trousers with very grave suspicions. They evidently thought that unless precautionary measures were adopted, the article would slip off, and therefore, with a vigilance which did credit to their sense of modesty, held on tight with one hand to their continuations. Perhaps the tailors were to blame. But in any case the attitude was undignified, and certainly not military. The garment was not regarded with any favour even by the veterans. When the ahmudan were on guard they generally wore the ordinary waistcloth and carried the trousers in one hand to show their status. The tunics were almost never worn except at the reviews.

704 Between regiments came four cannon, pulled by men,
713 and with little pennons stuck in the touch-holes. Two gunners accompanied each two-pounder, one carrying a galvanised tin bucket and the other a big canister, intended for shot and powder, but singularly unfitted for such material on a campaign. Sponges and rammers were wanting, and were said to be intentionally so in the hope that the guns might be mistaken for breech-loaders, and the men who drew the pieces were the bombardiers.

704 After the infantry, at an interval of two hundred yards,
714 came two regiments of cavalry, numbering about five hundred lances in all. They wore helmets of Grecian pattern, like cuirassiers, but otherwise were in the national dress. The second of the two was the celebrated "Kathé Horse," who have won in English books on Burma a fame unknown in their own country. They were dressed in French grey jackets and red pasos, and looked very well; but their mounts were very poor for a country where ponies are so plentiful and where it was so easy for the commander to demand their excellence. The saddles had long flaps or wings hanging down in front to protect the riders' bare legs when riding through underwood, but it was so long since they had been in the jungle that the flaps were more of a decoration than a necessity. Cavalry is an arm of the service of little use in a country like Burma, but with their long slender lances and splendid trappings they made a fine show, and